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## Object

To promote the co-operation of the home with the school in the Mental and Moral Training of the young.

To afford, through *home influences*, sympathetic guidance in the formation of those habits of mind which it is desired shall later become elements of character. To develop noble character and finer qualities of the mind while training the intellect.

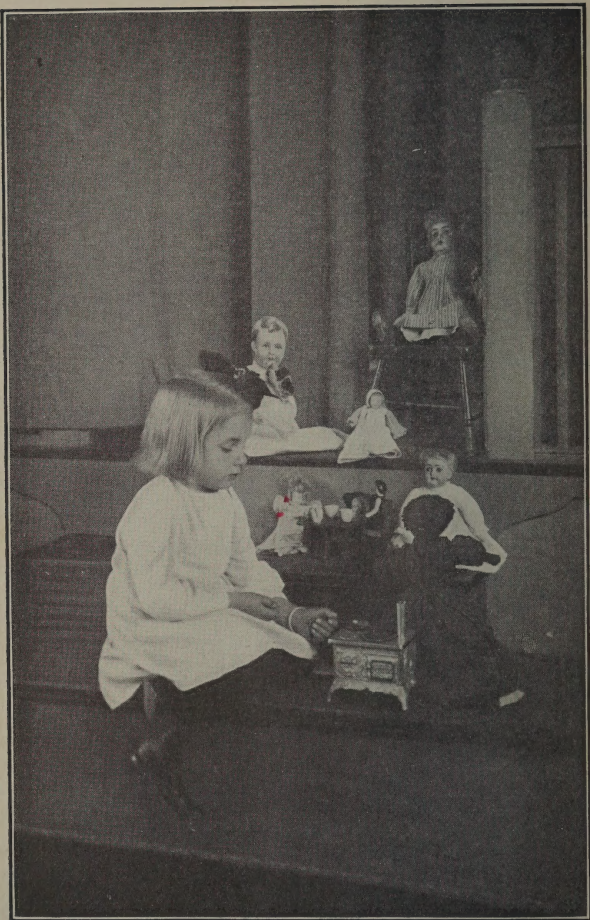
To create a desire for knowledge and the power for its acquisition, and to increase the capacity and ability to use it in a practical way, and by these means, produce the highest type of manhood and womanhood, intellectually, morally and spiritually.









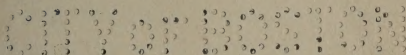
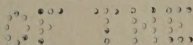
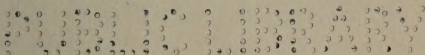




# IMAGINATION AND IDEALITY

2127.166

HENRY TURNER BAILEY, Editor School Arts Book  
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ISSUED FOR ITS MEMBERS BY  
THE AUXILIARY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE  
BEACON BUILDING, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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Dec. 17, 1906.

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Boston, Mass.  
1905

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THE DAVIS PRESS  
Worcester, Massachusetts

## THE CHILD'S WORLD



OW thrilling life must be in the child's world! From a few fading memories and by the aid of our stolid reason we try to recreate that lost Eden for ourselves, but what can a world-weary Olympian really know about the life of a little child? We can never think ourselves back to the days when every hour brought us an absolutely new, undreamed of experience, unique, unrelated; as strange, but no more strange, than the Voice that walked in the garden in the cool of the day. In that realm the little child lives. Every hour brings its miracle, every moment is big with the possibility of new marvels. The fur rug on which he sits in his own house he finds walking about in a neighbor's house! Why may not his rug become a dog whenever it pleases? Both his big brother and the wind whisk off his hat when he isn't looking. Why should not both bring it back when he demands it? When fathers and birds and animals make sounds equally unintelligible who is talking?



To bring order out of this chaotic world, to sift things that are, from things that seem, to discover what is really alive and what only moves, when one act causes another and when the two only happen to go together sometimes, who really talks and who only makes believe, is a task of no small magnitude. What wonder that a healthy child is not only cheerful and interested in everything, but full of notions, fancies, make-believes of all sorts. Why shouldn't *anything* happen? As a matter of fact everything does happen in his world. Animals talk, for he can hear them; flowers nod to one another pleasantly in the morning sunshine, for he can see them do it; some things are alive, some things come alive when they are wound up, anything could be alive if it wanted to be alive, and if it isn't alive you can play it is! Day changes into night and snow into water, why shouldn't chairs change into horses and men into mice? Sometimes his shadow

. . . shoots up taller, like an india rubber ball,  
And sometimes he gets so little that there's none of  
him at all;

Where then is the unreason in giants as tall as the sky or in fairies who live in flowers?

Long after the cautious Reason has commenced its work of freeing the mind from illusion, the playful Imagination continues its legerdemain. Qualities appropriate to one thing are affirmed of another: stars wink, cold bites, clouds cry tears,

and the rooster walks about in the morning with his hands in his pockets singing his little verse. And when at last the cold, hard facts are forced upon the child, he loves to escape into the realm of the wonder-story, where the senses cease from troubling and the reason is at rest.

The vividness of the images created by the imagination as the child feels his way about in the realm of sense, varies greatly with the individual. In some children the power is weak, and make-believe is feeble. My little friend James could never play horse to his own satisfaction until he had a toy horse with real mane and tail. But my little friend Elisabeth, a child much alone or with adult companions, imaged everything so clearly that she never lacked for playmates. Once when going for a drive she exclaimed as her grandpa climbed into a seat by her side, "Look out, Grandpa; don't crowd Tooter!" Tooter was her invisible companion with whom she had tea parties and picnics every day. She and Tooter took turns swinging each other out under the trees. Tooter helped her dress in the morning, helped her sweep the floor, do the dishes, mend the dolls' clothes, and Tooter kept her company when she went to bed at night. If Elisabeth had been a boy, Tooter would have been a boy like Stevenson's "Unseen Playmate." Such children sometimes fail to discriminate between fact and fancy and are punished by their blundering par-

ents, for lying when no lie was intended. And such children are sometimes tortured by their blundering parents, through the use of this same visualizing power. The weak and ignorant mother discovers that the child may be brought to obedience by threats of the coming of the "black man," "the big dog," "the boogie;" the child learns that

"The goblins will get you if you don't watch out," and every night, every dark corner, even the place under his bed, is peopled with fearful things with lurid eyes, and long arms that reach out to grab his heels as he hurries by. No words can describe the prolonged agonies of imaginative children subject to the devilish suggestions of short-sighted mothers and stupid nurses. Some men and women have confessed that they have never been able to free themselves from fear of the dark because in childhood they were so tormented by their guardians.

This Age of the Imagination as Sully calls it, is the time when play and make-believe are most genuine. The little man drives his chair horses, runs his couch-electric, sails away in his rug-ship, rides his prancing broom-charger, and shoots his hassock-lions with cane-gun, untroubled by discrepancies; the little woman nurses her doll-babies, gives them invisible medicine for imaginary woes, patiently cooks nothing over a red-wool-fire to feed her hungry doll-family, keeps house with bits of shell, broken crockery, moss,



anything, in a corner, on a rock, under a bush, anywhere, as happy as a bride: both of them, God bless them, living pictures of what we should be—looking not on the things that are seen and temporal, but seeing through them to the things that are unseen and eternal, the eternal ideals of gallant living, the eternal ideals of self-sacrificing service.

This imaginative period, this time when the growing child is fancy-full, affords a form of amusement hardly appreciated at all by an Olympian. A “funny story” from our point of view is such as this:

*Waiter*, to habitual visitor out of work:

“Well, what shall it be to-day?”

*The Hungry One*, looking over bill of fare:

“O, I don’t know; something cheap; I must make both ends meet somehow.”

*Waiter*: Why not have ox-tail soup and boiled tongue?”

Such stories are amusing to the adult mind because that which seems at first absolutely unrelated and incongruous, appears, upon second thought, to embody the very opposite qualities. But all such stories are lost upon children. To the child mind a funny story is one in which that which *at first* appears possible, rational, logical, turns out to be impossible and absurd. The funniest story of our time, so children say, is *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. What could be more superficially reasonable than that the Scare-

Crow could see better with the larger of his two painted eyes? or that the Tin Woodman dared not cry often because the tears would run into the hinges of his jaws and rust them so that he couldn't talk or eat until oiled? But as the child listens to this plausible story he is dimly conscious all the time of its essential absurdity, and he is, therefore, greatly amused by it. Fairy stories and tales of fantasy fascinate the child not only because things happen as they used to happen in his earliest world, and as he would like to have them happen now sometimes, but because in the light of his growing reason, all such happenings are amusing.

But the imaginative story has other and richer values for the growing child. It feeds his imagination; it develops the image-making power; it clarifies his inward sight. His ability to read well, to solve problems in arithmetic, to spell, to think clearly, to invent, to design, to adapt means to ends, will depend upon his power to image truly, sharply, and vividly. In the imaginative story the novelty of the situations, the mystery shrouding the march of events, the fascinating play of fantasy and reason are all elements which tend to give extraordinary completeness and vitality to the mental images of the child, and thus lay the foundation for effective thinking in later life. To the use of clear images by the imagination associative, penetrative and

contemplative (to use Ruskin's words), we must attribute all the progress of mankind in discovery, in science, in manufacture, commerce, and the arts. Every Homer, every Cæsar, every St. Francis, every Galileo, every Columbus, every Washington, every Edison, every Astor comes to his place of leadership through the ordered activity of the imagination.

Moreover all the best fairy stories and tales of fantasy, all the classic myths and legends, are in the broadest sense moral: the good are rewarded and the bad punished: the logical consequence of the deed is visited upon the doer; obedience, honesty, kindness, helpfulness, perseverance, courage, resourcefulness, patience, love, receive their just dues; and thus in the mind of the child is gradually established certain ideals of conduct, a faith in the moral order, a conviction that in the long run, things will come out right. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of these fundamental states of mind, arrived at not through dogmatic teaching or preaching, but through the inevitable activity of the child's own mind under the stimulus of the imaginative story. In his heart the child admires the Hardy Tin Soldier and Faithful Thumbelina and Kind little Gluck, Hercules, and Ulysses, King Arthur and Sir Galahad, and wishes to be like them.

Then let the children revel in the realm of the imagination, let their ideals begin to take



form under the spell of these world-old stories, let them sail for the golden fleece and fight the dragons and the giants in the world of fantasy, for then when they are men and women, they will see more clearly that the gravest warfare is never against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers invisible, and having minds trained to image clearly things not seen by the eye of sense, they will fight more effectively the world-old battle of the race for a larger and more abundant life.

Henry Turner Bailey

## WHAT TO READ



WHEN a child begins to read its soul is given wings that enable it to take flight in the whole realm of literature. He is no longer a citizen of one time or place but of all times and all places. The acquisition of this power therefore devolves new and heavy responsibilities upon parents and teachers. The realm of literature is not only vast and ever widening, but there are many levels, high and low, both intellectual and moral. Not only is there literature so corrupting that illiteracy itself is to be preferred to a knowledge of it, but there are far too few charts and guides at hand to direct the young over the almost shoreless sea of printer's ink, and save them from being victims of the second or third best and aid them to a taste for that which is really most worth reading. What is sometimes called "the new charity," which strives not only to be a virtue but to make itself a science, insists that gratuities must never be given to the poor indiscriminately or without suitable agencies to see that doles do

the recipient good and not harm. Our schools have not fully profited by this lesson in giving command of the vernacular language and literature.

What is it, then, that our American youth most need in this field when the power to read is mastered? I believe it is the culture of imagination in the sense in which some psychologists are now beginning to conceive of it. According to these views the highest function of the imagination is to develop humanism in the large sense of that term. The personal experience of each individual is very limited in time and place; his experience is meagre and narrow. The imagination, however, is the power by which he transcends these limitations and profits by the experience of the race. He enjoys by proxy the thoughts, sentiments, ideals, aspirations, knowledge of the best minds of all lands and ages. Literature, and indeed art, may be classified roughly somewhat as follows: Lowest in the scale come those productions which are essentially local and ephemeral, that may excite considerable transient interest but are soon forgotten. Higher, come the books, poems, pictures which are remembered for a generation more or less. Higher still are the few favorite authors of the race or nation, who are loved and revered and have a permanent place in the national sentiment. A few of the best of these become international and survive the wreckage of centuries as classics.



One niche higher, are the great ethnic Bibles of the race, and especially our own Scriptures. Perhaps there could hardly be a more useful service rendered to the rising generation than to urge their tastes upward from the ephemeral toward the higher literature that has a perennial life. It is this that cultivates idealism, that gives buoyancy and courage to youth and consolation and support when age comes. The imagination rests upon sympathy, and sympathy is the basis of morals. The chief trait of criminals and of youth who fail to achieve the higher, later stages of their psychic development, is selfishness. They live in the now and the here, cannot feel for or with others, and never attain any conception of the depth and breadth of human nature and its greatest achievements, inspirations and ideals.

Indeed, a new complaint has lately arisen that causes much dismay in many minds. It is that our schools, while cultivating with great success, and as is needful, things physical and tangible which can be presented as object lessons or to which manual effort can be applied, tend to limit instruction in language to these things. This is but one, and the lowest half, of culture in language and literature; the other is the use of speech as an organ of thought and of things not material. Many of our high school graduates cannot talk or hardly write with any clearness and force about things not crassly concrete and

immediately personal. Thus it is high time for a definite educational endeavor to put before our young people in the home and in the school, with every possible incentive for its use, choice selections from the best literature, made by the most competent guides who know on the one hand, the nature and needs of childhood and youth, and on the other, are familiar with all the literary resources in the vernacular tongue which can contribute to this end. I fear that our educational system as a whole is drifting farther than we know towards a kind of materialism which leaves ideality and the imagination, which are of such vital importance not only for art and literature but for religion and virtue itself, undeveloped. It is high time, therefore, that the home and the school should feel a personal responsibility that every child who satisfies the requirements of the school law should not be ignorant of all of the great products of literary genius, and that those who go through the high school should know, at least in the form of story roots, all of the world's great literary possessions. To this end we need better abridgements of some of the world's classics and well-arranged selections from the best authors, designed for the home and the school. If we can cultivate a taste for reading in this field, the ominous problem of moral training, which now looms up so bodingly, will be well on the way towards settlement. Idealism, of which imagin-

ation is the organ, not only makes the individual a citizen of all times and places, but is also the oracle of the future. It is this which assures us that the best history is not yet written because the best things have not happened yet. This gives a general spirit of resolution, hope and confidence, because great as the past has been, it inspires with the conviction that the possibilities of the future are yet vaster.

To this end, while there is nothing to be said against language drill if rightly conducted, or against theme writing, probably nothing, on the whole, contributes so much as reading itself. The receptive powers of youth are indefinitely more developed than are their capacities to create or produce. The rightly-tempered child loves to tiptoe up to the level of the very highest authors, and to apprehend where he cannot comprehend, and this habit of thought is of itself invaluable. To bring the mind into harmony with the lilt of well-organized sentences, to feel the charm of sentiments of many different kinds, to take the view-point of many different climes and creeds — this means mental development and the harmonious organization of our powers. I often wonder whether it is the literature we read for examinations, with studied notes and guides, or the cursory reading, which ought to cover vastly more ground, and therefore to present a larger perspective, that is really most important for literary or for moral training. Without romance

and poetry, without the great personalities in literature and in drama, that often stand out with as great distinctness as historic characters, and which are sometimes more impressive to the mind because they illustrate single types of character, the soul of youth is prone to become dessicated and prosaic. We must rescue the young in our land from the present and ever increasing danger of becoming mere pragmatists in thought or else the most precious institutions of history—the home, the church, the state—will lose their ethical sanction and the very powers of the soul which evolved them will become atrophied.

*Stanley Hall.*

## EARLY IMPRESSIONS



LITTLE volume of Pilgrim's Progress, bound in red morocco, used to lie under my pillow when I was some five years old, to be read with the first dawn's light; and all my life since then the people and

places of its pages, Greatheart and Christian, the House Beautiful, the Chamber looking to the East, have been as real to me as the people I have met and the places I have seen, while its atmosphere and influence have never left me. I think it is so with most books read in early youth. Adam Clark, the great Biblical scholar, said he had learned from Robinson Crusoe more of all that which makes for righteousness than from any other book except the Bible.

Professor Henry, one of the greatest of our scientific discoverers, once said to me that in the first ten years of life more impressions are made and more facts learned than in all the rest of the three-score and ten. And long before our day Cowley declared the influence of things coming to us in childhood is like the initials we cut in



the bark of a tree, which grow and widen with the growth of the tree.

The mind in childhood is like virgin wax, and takes deeply any impression. We cannot, therefore, too soon surround children with good books and help them acquire the habit of reading and enjoying them. In addition to the domesticity and quiet such a habit gives to the home circle, there is the further fact that the child who finds a new world in a book is not apt to be the child who gets into mischief or makes trouble; he is occupied in laying in a store of pleasure that shall last him all his days.

There have been few great men or women who have not been led to read and love books in their first years,—books that have opened to them avenues into larger and higher life and that have kindled ambition and intention. And the boy or girl who has learned well the lesson of a book in early life has its wealth always accessible.

*Harriet Preston Spofford*

## FAMOUS FAIRY TALES



NE WHOSE memory is not stirred, whose heart is not quickened, by such names as Thumbelina, The Ugly Duckling, Hansel and Grethel, The Water Baby, and The Magic Swan, has never had a childhood. He has missed one of the essentials in human life. To the end of his days one string in his harp of life will be mute, or muffled. Volume Three of the Young Folks' Library contains thirty of the most famous fairy stories of the world by such masters in the art of telling as Hans Christian Andersen, P. C. Asbjornsen, The Brothers Grimm, Charles Kingsley and John Ruskin. It is edited (in co-operation with Thomas Bailey Aldrich) by Roswell M. Field, the brother of that notable lover of children, Eugene Field, and equally wise in pleasing them. His introductory chapter on The Lore of Fairyland throws a flood of light upon the volume itself, and suggests the secret of the enduring charm the fairy story has for every healthy mind. ~~It~~<sup>In</sup> addition to the well known stories from the German and Norwegian, are to be found the kaleidoscopic

"Oh!" from the Cossack, "Momotaro," the little Peachling from the Japanese, and The Enchanted Canary, The Ratcatcher and other stories from the French.

The four hundred pages of this charming volume are enriched by one hundred and seventy-five pictures in black and white and seven full page plates in colors, all drawn in a style which appeals to children, all literally true to the text.

The suggestions for supplementary reading are in the form of a list of twenty-two books of Fairy Tales by the best authors from Jacob Grimm to Mrs. Burton Harrison.

## TALES OF FANTASY



CONSIDERED as a whole the fourth volume of the Young Folks' Library, may be said to cover the play-ground of the imagination. The stories are "just for fun" throughout.

"Just nonsense," some might say; and another might say, "Yes; nonsense of the most valuable sort! Nonsense that amuses but slyly lodges a truth in the mind; nonsense that long remembered is turned to sense by the strange experiences of life." Many a specialist has found himself in Lilliput when with one company of men and women, and in Brobdingnag when with another! Many a man has unbottled a genie, much to his surprise and sorrow. But none of these deeper meanings of the tales should ever be suggested to children. Children should just enjoy them with all their heart, ride with the Knight, sail with Sinbad, live with the Caliph, follow the fortunes of the Prince and the Enchanted Doll, smile through the Rose and the Ring and wonder over Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man. This volume is edited (in coöperation with Mr. Aldrich) by Tudor Jenks

whose introductory chapter on the Magic of the Imagination is full of good sense about nonsense.

Here again the four hundred pages are sprinkled with capital illustrations, one hundred and thirty-five in black and white and seven full page plates in color. Such pictures as Gulliver before the Three Great Scholars, the Merchant before the Genie, and the Rocs dropping rocks upon Sinbad's ship are as fascinating as the stories themselves.

There are the usual additions in the form of Notes and Suggestions for Supplementary Reading including the titles of thirty-one volumes.



## MYTHS AND LEGENDS



THE FIFTH volume of the Young Folks' Library includes within its covers the best of those early attempts to account for the impressive phenomena of nature and the human spirit — those super-human and super-normal things like the powers of light and heat and the deeds of heroes. Midas, Pandora, Hercules, Philemon and Baucis, Jason, Ulysses, King Arthur, Childe Horn, Beowulf and Rip Van Winkle have been the ancestors of stories, poems, statues, pictures, songs and plays innumerable. One who does not know these great characters cannot appreciate some of the best things in literature and art, nor see even nature in the best light. Here they are presented at their best by such writers as Charles Kingsley, Alfred Church, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Washington Irving, thoughtfully edited and arranged by Mr. Aldrich and Thomas J. Shahan. Mr. Shahan writes admirably about The Oldest Stories of The World, by way of introduction to these wonder-tales. A feature of the book which is almost unique is the group of selections from Ossian,

the hero-poet of the Gael, who sang of Cath-Loda and Carthon.

This volume like the others is richly illustrated. Seventy black and white pictures illuminate the text, and a full dozen colored plates add color and charm. The Greek pictures are in the old Greek style, in strong outline with flat tones of yellow, orange and black, while others have the richer hues associated with the days of chivalry.

Twenty-six books are recommended for supplementary reading. Among them are such old favorites as Bulfinch's *Age of Fable* and Kingsley's *Greek Heroes*, and such modern successes as Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome*, and Mabie's *Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas*.

It would be difficult to name a richer single volume of four hundred pages.

## SUGGESTIONS



DIFFERENT ways of making good use of these volumes will suggest themselves to anyone who has children in his home. A half-dozen ways might be recommended :

1. Very little children enjoy these books for their fascinating pictures. Let the children handle the books themselves. They will be careful with that which they love.

2. The books may be used by parents who need to refresh their minds in order to supply the perpetual demands of their children for stories "told in the twilight." Here are collections of the best of their kind.

3. If the children are older the demand is always, "Read me a story." These books remove the necessity of hunting up something good enough.

4. Children of reading age, seven years old and upward, will not have to be urged to make use of these books. They will find them if placed within reach.

5. To lay the foundation of two good habits, the habit of remembering the gist of what is read and the habit of quoting quotable sentences from every book read, such questions as the following might be put to the children occasionally:

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## SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

### VOLUME III

1. What did Karl do just before he met the Snow Queen? Page 9.
2. What became of the Hardy Tin Soldier? Page 47.
4. How did it happen that all the storks were called Peter? Page 68.
5. How was the faithfulness of Thumbelina rewarded by the Swallow? Compare Pages 84 and 88.
6. What is a Quern? Pages 106 to 112.
7. How was the Cossack's lazy son cured of laziness? Page 138.
8. How did Tubby release Tizi from her enchantment? Page 176.
9. How did Hansel outwit his wicked step-mother? Pages 194, 196, etc.
10. What sort of folk used to live in the Black Forest? Page 263.
11. Why didn't little Miss Caddis speak to Tom when he broke down her door? Page 329.

12. Why did Gluck succeed where his brothers failed? Pages 385 to 401.

#### VOLUME IV

1. Why did Gulliver ride to the metropolis of Lilliput? Page 8.

2. From which did Gulliver suffer most the Queen's dwarf or the wasps of Brobdingnag? Pages 38-41.

3. Why did the throwing of date stones call up the Genie? Page 79.

4. How did Sinbad happen to escape the wrath of the rocs? Compare pages 82 and 91.

5. How did it happen that the Marquis of Carabas and Cinderella were at the christening party in Pantouflia? Page 114.

6. What was the peculiarity of the ivory spy glass Prince Ali bought at Schiraz? Page 144.

7. Why was Jacob Pout unhappy in Maude's Dingle? Page 194.

8. What became of the Enchanted Doll? Page 227.

9. Did Valoroso XXIV and Mrs. V have an ideal breakfast? Page 231, etc.

10. What became of Princess Rosalba? Page 244. Compare pages 297, 345 and 351.

11. How did Peter Schlemihl become shadowless? Pages 358-361.

12. Why did Peter fail to sign the parchment? Page 390.



## VOLUME V

1. What did King Midas find to be better than gold? Pages 21 and 22.
2. How did Hercules manage to get Atlas to hold up the sky again? Page 67.
3. Who was the school teacher of Jason and other heroes who sailed in the Argo?
4. How did Ulysses escape from the cave of the Cyclops? Page 182.
5. How did he secure his bow to free his house from the Suitors? Pages 255 to 261.
6. What trait in Sir Gareth won the affection of Lancelot and Sir Gawaine? Page 274.
7. Would you like a friend like Athuef? Could you be such a friend as he? Page 317.
8. What did the King promise Beowulf after he had maimed Grendel? Page 339.
9. What was the cause of all Rip Van Winkle's trouble? Page 352.
10. What one drop of comfort was left him after twenty years? Page 368.
11. Why did Oscar wish to fight in the battles of Inisthona? Page 378.
12. What moved Ossian to sing these songs? Page 372 and page 392.

## IMAGINATION AND IDEALITY

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When at home alone I sit  
And am very tired of it,  
I have just to shut my eyes  
And go sailing through the skies —  
To go sailing far away  
To the pleasant Land of Play;  
To the fairy land afar  
Where the little people are;  
Where the clover-tops are trees,  
And the rain-pools are the seas,  
And the leaves like little ships  
Sail about on tiny trips.

\* \* \* \* \*

When my eyes I once again  
Open, and see all things plain:  
High bare walls, great bare floor,  
Great big knobs on drawer and door;  
Great big people perched on chairs,  
Stitching tucks and mending tears,  
(Each a hill that I could climb)  
And talking nonsense all the time,—

O dear me,

That I could be

A sailor on the rain-pool sea,  
A climber in the clover tree,  
And just come back a sleepy head,  
Late at night to go to bed.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON











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